brought her to *Meteline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remembrance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

Per. What meanes the mum? ſhee dies, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble ſir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerend appearer no, I threw her ouer-boord with theſe verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Pe. Tis moſt certaine.

Ge. Looke to the Ladie, O ſhee's but ouer-ioyde, Early in bluſtring morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this ſhore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ſte her here in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhalbe brought you to my houſe, whither I inuite you, looke *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my ſanctitie will to my ſenſe bende no licencious care, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeak, like him you are, did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Pe. The voyce of dead *Thaſia*.

Th. That *Thaſia* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Pe. I mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Pe. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindneſſe makes my paſt miſeries ſports, you ſhall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more bee ſeene,

ſeene, O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Ma. My heart leapes to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Th. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Hell. You haue heard mee ſay when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. T'was *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaiſa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how poſſiblie preſerued? and who to thanke (beſides the gods) for this great myracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue ſhowne their power, that can from firſt to laſt reſolue you.

Pe. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beſeech you firſt, goe with mee to my houſe, where ſhall be ſhowne you all was found with her. How ſhee came plac'ſte heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſſe thee for thy viſion, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaiſa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, ſhall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke diſmall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my fathers dead.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22335) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.36) Octavo